

# Spartans Don't Die

by Courier57

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Summary: Many Spartans must face hardships by losing comrades and looking death in the eye every minute of the day. Can the Spartans defend and repel the covenant in time for Earth to be prepared for the largest war of all time? I don't know either. You have to read it to find out, huh? Submit to me your dream spartan and OC I like will most likely get into the story. And please review.

## 1. OC checklist

For your convenience, this is the Spartan Submission Checklist(SMC).

Note: These are all SPARTAN-III's and barely know anything of their families. There is no need to mention anything of their families and there are no marriages. Its just highly unlikely. Especially for SPARTAN-III's. Most Spartan's will die, I will chose who, so just put a death.

\*Name:

\*Spartan ID number: (S-?)

\*Hair Color:

\*Eye Color:

\*Skin Color:

\*Nationality:

\*About My Spartan(5-6 sentences)

\*Specialty(1-2 only):

\*Death:

\*Armor(Full):

\*Weapon of Choice:

\*Relationship:

## 2. Farewell to Friends

Zachery

S-101

22:57

Zachery leaned out the side of the falcon and watched the land go by and the shifting of the scenery. The two other SPARTAN-III's sat in front of him. Alice was tapping her boot to the steel floor while Drake was sharpening his already razor sharp knife against his chest armor. Their faces were covered by their helmets but he knew they were anxious. They all were.

Alice wore her air assault armor while Drake was wearing his Gungnir armor. They were all armed with standard issue battle- rifles and M6D pistols except for Zachery who had a SPARTAN laser as his secondary. And of course they had their combat knives strapped to their left shoulders.

"Drop off point coming up, two minutes." The pilots voice came through the headpiece installed into their helmets.

"Alright team, we're jumping in two, got it?" Zachery said over the team freq. They both gave him a thumbs up. Zach double checked all his clips to make sure they were full before they reached the drop point. The pilot didn't hesitate as they flew over the small clearing. They just jumped and started rolling before they hit the ground. The armors prototype energy shield took most of the pain away, but they still got the wind knocked out of them. They climbed to their feet and began the long trek up the mountain to a Covenant base located at the top.

It was almost two in the morning before they reached the top. The tired Spartans took shelter in a cave on the side of the mountain below the Covenant base. The Spartans took off their helmets and laid them on the ground and sipped from the canteens they had thankfully stashed in Drake's pack. Zach occasionally looked over Alice. He had trained with her for years and was always attracted to her. He wanted to tell her, but he was nervous which was odd with being a Spartan. He started to zone out not knowing he was still staring at their female comrade thinking about ways to tell her.

"See something you like?" Alice's voice cut in but didn't completely snap him out of his trance.

"Yeah I do." He mumbled but loud enough for everyone to hear. The cave was dark but he could still see Alice blush and he did too. Drake snickered at Zach's mistake but quickly stopped when Zach shot him a dirty look.

"Well we had better move unless you wanna hang out under the

starlight?" Drake laughed again at his witty comment but stopped when no one else was.

"Your right. We should just get this over with." They all stood up and put their helmets back on and finished the climb up.

They stood just outside the ten foot tall granite wall that surrounded the entire base.

"Any ideas?"

"We can blow it up!" Drake's excitement was practically flowing from him at the thought of blowing a huge hole in the wall.

"Once again, we are focusing on stealth. You'll get to blow the place up later."

"Fine. I'll wait then."

Alice stared at the wall for a moment before speaking. "You two can give me a boost up, I'll take out the guards, and open the front gate for you guys."

"Sounds good, lets do it." The two male Spartans crouched down and put their hands out. Alice stepped up on their gauntleted hands and they shoved her up to the top of the wall. She climbed over.

"Nice ass." Drake said and looked at Zachery who stared as good of daggers as you can stare while looking through his gold visor.

Alice

S-083

02:17

She stabbed her combat knife down into the grunts skull and yanked it out. Purple- blue blood was wiped away as she slid the knife into its shoulder sheath. She stepped over its corps and jogged up the steps of the gate tower. There was an elite and two grunts standing guard in the tower. She pulled out her knife and stabbed the elite in the back of its neck and put two suppressed pistol rounds into each grunts head. She entered a code into the control pad and pulled a lever to open the gate.

The gate silently opened to her immense joy and the two other Spartans ran in and took out two elites and a pack of grunts with their battle- rifles. She hustled down to her teammates and their way through the compound taking out any covenant in their path. Alice had to admit that she had always found Zachery attractive. And the way he moved in combat, it made her wonder if that was the only way he could move that good.

She opened another door by keypad and Drake led the way in He took out a jackal and a grunt who appeared to be having a conversation. Zach ran over to the core at the center of the room and began tapping the pad.

"Drake, your up." Drake walked up to the control pad and took out a

large pack of C-12 explosives and began planting it into the core system. Alice started staring at Zach through her peripheral vision. He stood at the ready with his battle- rifle and looking down each hallway. His gold visor covered his face which she wanted to see and judging by the moment they had in the cave, he wanted to see hers. She walked over to him and tabbed his shoulder. He looked at her.

"Channel twelve." She said.

"Something on your mind?" He asked.

"Yeah, what exactly did you like looking at earlier?"

"Umm, the stars looked pretty out in the night sky. Don't really get to see them this well at the base with all the lights and stuff." He was stuttering and looking around a little anxiously.

"You're a pretty good guy yourself."

"What? I mean, yeah. I'm not the worst."

"And it wouldn't be the worst thing to go do something when we get home."

"What?"

"A date. Just the two of us."

"I think I can find the time." Alice smiled. She hoped that he loved her too.

"Son of a bitch!" Alice and Zach turned to Drake who had an energy sword sticking through his chest. He primed a fragmentation grenade and turned to the elite.

"Eat shit, mother fucker!" And he shoved the grenade down the elites throat. Two seconds later, the grenade detonated and blew up the entire elites head and shredded Drakes helmet. Both the elite and Drake crumbled to the floor, the only difference was that Drake still was moving. Alice and Zach ran to his body and rolled him over on his back.

"Bomb needs to be detonated manually. Sixty seconds, go now." And with that he tore his dog tags off his neck and handed them to Zach. "Good luck my friends."

They nodded, turned, and ran down the hall. Two elites stood in their way and made what sounded like a choking sound, which was probably a laugh in their language. Zach as brave as he was, pulled out his knife and charged the elites head on and tackled them both. He brought his knife down in the throat of a red armor elite and started punching the other until its skull was crushed.

They continued running down the hall until they came to the door that led outside. Zach tore the door open and they ran outside to find the gate closed and five elites in their way all armed with energy swords. Zach raised his battle rifle and Alice followed suite. They opened fire on the elites and the elites charged. Two elites fell before they were halfway towards the two SPARTAN- III's. By the time

the elites reached the Spartans two more were dead.

The last elite stabbed Zachery in his left arm. Alice took out her knife, climbed on the elites back, and stabbed the knife into the top of his helmet. The elite died instantly and fell to the ground. The energy sword followed along with Zach's arm from the shoulder down.

"Zach?" Alice moved towards him with concern.

"Its fine, lets go." They ran to the gate and Zach pulled out his Spartan Laser.

"Let me." Alice moved towards him with her arms outstretched.

"No. I got this." He aimed at the gate and held down the trigger. 2.5 seconds later a large hole was blasted through the gate. He dropped the laser and they ran out. Seven seconds left.

Drake

S-319

02:27

The grenade hurt. His shields and armor barely stopped any of the metal fragmentations. His face was now covered in cuts and he couldn't see out of his left eye. He was leaning against a control panel and staring at the timer. The bomb was already to go, he just needed to detonate it manually and blow this place strait to hell and all its inhabitants with it.

He heard gunfire outside and knew his comrades were in combat and wished he could be by their sides. Damn elite just had to end his killing spree. At least its dead, and his friends are about to make the great journey with him. The gunfire stopped, he heard their voices through the headset built into his Gungnir helmet. Zach got hurt. Now he really wished he could have been there. There was an explosion and he knew that he put that Spartan Laser to good use.

Seven seconds. This was it. He stood up and positioned his thumb over the detonator.

"Have fun in hell, bitches." He pressed his thumb down and a warm current swept over him, then he felt nothing. It was peaceful. He hoped his friends made it.

Zachery

S- 101

15:31

He woke up with a numbing sensation all throughout his entire body. His left arm was hurting and his brain felt like something hit him really hard, giving him a major headache. He sat up making his vision blur for a few moments. When it refocused, he looked around the room. He was in the bases medical bay. He'd been here several times

before.

To his right, a woman lay sleeping with a few bandages on her arms and a wrap on her head, but other than that she looked alright. He looked to his left and only saw four empty beds and cabinets. He slid his legs out from under the blanket and got up. His helmet was resting on a stool with several dents and scorch marks. He reached for it with his left arm but saw something that shocked him.

He didn't see his arm. He saw a robotic arm in its place. And suddenly, it all rushed back to him.

They ran out the gate leaning on each other with Zachery holding his left shoulder. They got to the edge of the hill when the base erupted and a warm shockwave hit them, knocking them off the mountain. They tumbled down hitting rocks and scraping trees before they hit the ground. Alice managed to ignite a flare before she passed out. And that's all he remembered.

"Drake's dead." Drake was one of his best friends. He'd known him since they were five. They made it through the whole program only for it to be taken away by that elite. It got what it deserved. He wished it didn't have to be that way. He would never forget his lifelong friend. He knew they would meet again. But not today. Until that day he had to lead his fellow SPARTAN-III's and end this war. Only then will Drake, and all his fallen SPARTAN comrades before him, truly be avenged.

Get ready Covenant. Because Spartans are coming. And Spartans don't die.

### 3. Favorable Odds

Kray

V-766

14:31

He pulled the trigger and released a shotgun blast into the crippled elite's face. He cocked the fore end back and let it slide back into place as he turned around and shot another elite in the chest. Its shields and armor failed to protect him and the shot pierced its heart. An elite to his right roared at him and took out an energy sword. Kray smirked. He turned the shotgun to the tall alien creature and pulled the trigger. The gun clacked empty.

"Well that's just bull!" He threw the shotgun down and pulled his combat knife from his parafoil chest piece with his right hand, and with his left he grabbed his double-edged sniper knife from his CQC shoulder pad on his right shoulder. "Bring it on bitch."

The two warriors charged each other. Kray avoided the elite's stab and brought his knife down into the elite's right shoulder, swung around it and stabbed its spine. He twisted both knives just for kicks. The elite wailed in agony and crumpled to the ground, dead. He drew the knives from the corpse and slid them back into their holsters.

A sniper shot rang out and he heard the bullet go right over his

shoulder. He turned around and saw a blue armored elite's body on the ground with his head missing from the picture.

"Thanks, Anders. Good shot." Kray said to the sniper hidden somewhere in the mountainous region around him, picking off covenant, through the headset built into his Commando helmet.

"Don't mention it. Keep better track of your ammo." He had a very calm voice, but he was the farthest from combat, why should he be worried?

Kray picked up his shotgun and reloaded it. Six rounds, six kills. That's the way it is. He shot an elite who charged him and knocked another's plasma rifle, out of its hands before pumping a round in its skull. Three rounds later, four more elites were dead. He cut the thirds throat out. He started reloading behind a boulder when a pack of six grunts came around it. They barked and hooted at each other. Six plasma pistols were aimed at him, but he already had a grenade at the ready, primed and sent into the middle of the group. He turned his back to them, and the grenade detonated.

He turned back around and saw one grunt left standing. Blue blood oozed from its abdominal area and he crushed its skull with the butt of his shotgun.

"And they think we're the infestation." He ran out from behind the boulder and charged a horde of jackals. He tossed a frag to weaken them then jumped on ones skull, crushing it, and blasted another halfway to hell. He kicked another's shield so hard, it flickered, then died. The jackal fell over from the force of the blow and made a choking sound.

"Ohh, that's not very attractive." And shot it. He continued fighting for another hour, blowing heads off with his shotgun, stabbing anything that was smart enough to attack him while reloading, and occasionally snapping necks by the time he ran out of ammunition. He grabbed the back of an elites head and slammed it into the rocky ground, crushing its skull, then using his pointer and middle finger as a knife to stab a jackals throat.

He fought with his knives until he lost them in an elites armor then fought with his fist and feet. He punched an elite then snapped its neck, kicked a grunt waddling behind him and threw a jackal as hard as he could at an elite. A wraith moved towards him and launched a plasma mortar which he dived by diving towards it and jumping on the levitating vehicle. He grabbed the grunt gunners head and pulled him out. He hopped into the gunners position and opened fire on everything in his path. The elite driver must have realized Kray wasn't dead and in fact killing all his comrades on his gun, and jumped out but was gunned down quickly.

Another SPARTAN-III sprinted over knocking everything out of his way and hopped in the drivers seat. He didn't see who, but he was grateful for the back up.

"I thought you could use a little help over here." Kyle, the apparent driver said nonchalantly.

"Always." And they fought the covenant army barely taking any hits until an elite climbed on the back and planted a bomb in the engine.

The two Spartans jumped out of the vehicle only moments before it exploded. Kray climbed to his feet and helped Kyle up. He looked at the blue visor of his EVA helmet and saw the elite who planted the grenade charging them. Kray turned around and threw a heavy punch, hitting the elite dead square in the face knocking out its shields and breaking its helmet.

Blood poured from its cut up face.

"Nice punch." Kyle said.

Kray shrugged. "I aim to please." He picked up its plasma repeater and grimaced. "I really hate this stuff."

The other Spartan picked up a dead grunts needler. "I know what you mean. Lets just give it back then."

The comment made Kray smile. "Lets."

They charged the covenant army, guns blazing, aliens falling, and a wraith tank blowing its lid from a dead elite misfiring his plasma launcher. Kray shot an elites face until it died and slammed the rifle into another's head. Eventually he picked up another Repeater and went akimbo shooting everything left and right.

He caught a glimpse of Kyle or the other two Spartans positioned on the ground with them. A total of five Spartans fighting a massive covenant army. Kray liked those odds.

Mark

S-107

17:09

Fighting a big ass covenant army with nothing but an assault rifle, a M6D pistol, a combat knife, and a few grenades. Was this supposed to be Christmas for Mark? It sure felt like it. He loved blowing the brains out of a dumb ass covenant bastard every chance he got! It was the only way he actually felt he was making a difference in a universe overcome by warfare. By being a badass soldier who could take on a Covenant flagship single handedly. He didn't use any special tactics like most other Spartans. He just killed. He did what he was told and completed every mission.

But never has he ever had to fight any big battles like this. With three other Spartans at his sides and a Spartan sniper covering them, he felt invincible. He fired a burst from his assault rifle into a grunt, then turned to a brute and emptied the rest of the clip into his exposed belly which seemed to just absorb the bullet. The brute howled and swung its gravity hammer down at his head. Mark dodged it and shot his pistol at its head. The eight round was empty when the brute finally died.

He reloaded both guns and kept firing. At the oncoming army. He saw a wraith begin firing at its own side and realized that those were Spartans in it. Mark shot an entire mag into a trio of grunts that fell dead with a few gurgles. Weaklings, He thought as he moved on. He saw another Spartan locked in combat with five brutes that were moving in her. Rilanna. Her full CQB armor was unmistakable with its

navy blue coloring and brick red lining. She took down one brute but another grabbed her arm. He drew his knife and charged. He jumped on its back and stabbed his knife into the back of its neck several times until it died.

The other three brutes stared at them and growled. The Spartans charged the trio with their knives and tackled them head on. Mark took two down and stabbed the knife into one's throat and twisted it. Dead. The other threw him off before he could pull his knife out. It charged him without a weapon which was still very intimidating, but he was a Spartan. He brought up his legs and kicked the brute in the chest forcing it back a few feet.

Mark stood and clenched his fist. "Bring it on, bitch!" The brute snarled in defiance and the two charged. When they clashed, it was a strait up brawl with the brute having the upper hand. The brute was on top of him trying to smash his skull, but Mark was still an equal match for it. Not only was he blocking punches, but he threw a lot and landed most. The brute eventually got his arms pinned and its mouth was only inches from his grenadier helmet. Saliva dripped from its mouth as it opened. It leaned forward then stopped saliva still dripped, but purple blood soon followed.

The brute fell over and Mark saw Rilanna standing over him with her combat knife in hand. She was covered in several different colors of blood making her look like a gothic rainbow threw up on her. \_Sexy!\_ She offered him a hand and he grabbed it, she pulled him up. He found his rifle and reloaded it. She picked up her fallen shotgun and pumped it. They looked at each other and nodded. They charged the enemy and fired at everything in sight a sniper fired around at him but Anders quickly put him down. An elite turned to the Spartans and powered on its energy sword. Mark fired at the creature that stood before him until he clacked empty then drew his sidearm and fired. The elite was almost on him when a sniper shot rang out through the canyon and its head exploded and blood splashed on his gold visor.

"Shit, really?" He wiped the blue blood and brain material away with his armored gauntlet. He reloaded and started sprinting to Rilanna who was fighting off a hunter pair and an elite. The elite died quickly but the hunters were a different matter.

He tossed a plasma grenade on the back of one of the hunters who wasn't facing him and it detonated blowing off the armored shield he had there. He fired at it until the thing dropped dead. The other knocked Rilanna down and aimed its fuel rod gun at her.

"NOOOO!" Mark dove in front of the black and was absorbed in heat. \_Shit!\_

Rilanna

S-199

19:41

She watched him get hit and practically disintegrate. That was her boyfriend. They had just started going out less then a month ago. It was nothing major seeing as though they couldn't do much with being at a military base. But she still had deep feelings for him. The

hunter looked as confused as she was. She used this to her advantage she primed a frag and threw it at the hunter. It detonated behind him, sending him falling forward. It tried to get up but she unloaded a round from her shotgun in its head.

She started looking for any of the other two Spartans on the ground with her. She blasted a brute in the face and stabbed an elite in the throat. She saw Kyle stomping on an elite's head and shooting at grunts who were running around chaotically without a leader. She ran up to him and shot a jackal who tried to sneak up on him.

"Thanks for that." He said looking at the corps.

"Don't mention it." She blew a hole in a brute's belly. "We need to pull back. We've been here long enough. I think the fleet is ready to go."

"We have to hold them off until told not to. Those are our orders." He was always about orders. He tossed a frag behind a phalanx of jackals that were trying to converge on their position. They all went flying when it detonated.

"It's been nearly six hours. I would think they'd be ready." She shot an elite, pumped, and shot its friend. "Plus Mark is dead."

Kyle looked at her and Rilanna dropped her head. She was glad for the helmet so nobody could see the tears.

"Ohh. I'm sorry." He shot a grunt running at them while holding primed plasma grenades. \_Mark called those little bastards huggers\_, she thought. "One sec. Kray, Anders. We got to pull back to the base. Mark is KIA, and the fleet is mostly likely ready by now. Over."

"Copy that, Kyle, you're probably right." Kray responded. "Team, pull back to the hanger."

"Let's go." Kyle led the way as they sprinted back to the hanger which was almost a mile away now. The covenant army was on their heels and they were still half a mile away. Kyle stopped and took his plasma rifle off his right thigh. "Go, I got this."

He turned towards the enemy and raised the weapon. He pulled the trigger and covenant fell. Rilanna kept running until she reached the base where Kray was waiting for her.

"Where's Anders?" She asked Kray.

"Waking up Zach and Alice, where's Kyle?"

"He stayed behind to hold them off."

"What? Go help Zach and Alice get ready, send Anders to the roof to help Kyle out."

Rilanna ran into the base and went to go find Anders.

Kyle

S-419

20:27

"What you got bitches? What you got?" Kyle screamed at the covenant as he shot them, stabbed them, punched them, kicked them. Any way to kill them, he did it. He now had a fuel rod gun from a fallen grunt and was blasting everything back to hell.

"This is for Mark, mother fuckers!" He fired until the ammo ran out. Then he picked up a plasma turret from a dead brute. He mowed down everything in sight. A purple needle shard from a needle rifle hit him in the left shoulder. "Damn!"

He mowed down a line of three elites, then the shard exploded. "Damn it!" His shoulder armor was gone. His blue visor was cracked. He couldn't take much more.

A sniper cracked in the distance and an elite fell. Three more shots rang out, and four bodies fell. This was a blessing he did not expect.

"Thanks Anders." He got up and fought on with renewed energy.

Anders

S-132

20:46

Anders is left handed sniper due to the fact that he is blind out of his right eye. He was once the worst sniper on his team but was great with an assault rifle. One day while on the field, an elite cut through his helmet with an energy sword and cut his right eye. His iris was burned away, blinding him in that eye. When he recovered he learned to shoot with his left hand. That is how he excelled at sniping. By losing his right eye and learning to use his left.

Now he is the best on his team. That elite hurt him, but helped him even more. Now as he covered Kyle, he remembered how he became this good. Being able to pull off perfect headshots. Being able to take down enemies over two miles away. It was that elite. It made him to be this good. Sniping its brethren at this distance was a walk in the park. It was one of the easiest things he's done. Its kind of funny.

He pulled the trigger and blew the head off an elite with extreme ease. Three more shots, and four bodies fell. One bullet went strait through an elite and hit a skirmisher who was rarely seen on the ground, but hopping along the walls of the canyon. He killed so many he thought the race would go extinct.

"Thanks Anders."

"Its what I live for, Kyle."

He released a magazine into a hunters tentacle- like neck, killing him.

"Don't make this too easy for me. I want a challenge." He reloaded, and did the same to the hunter's twin. Reloaded, four kills. Reloaded, four kills. Reloaded, four kills. He was just going through the motion. Anders wondered if they even knew he was there. He killed six more elites and two grunts with four shots.

"How we doing' boss?" Anders asked Kray.

"Two more minutes at most." He responded. \_Excellent! He fired two more mag's then was out. He didn't even notice he was running low. He looked around for anything useful. A turret was set up on the wall just calling out to him to use it. He would accept the call. He sprinted to the chain gun and fired as soon as he had a visual on the enemy. He started mowing them down. He fired until it overheated.

—

"\_Anders, we're ready. Lets go." Kray's voice came through the headset built into his Scout helmet. Anders ran down the steps and down the hall to the hanger. \_

"\_Lets go get Kyle." Anders said and sat down.

—

"\_Lets." \_

\_Kray\_

\_V-766\_

\_21:01\_

\_The two female Spartans had set a turret up in the back of the pelican drop ship to assist in covering Kyle when they went and retrieved him. That's what Kray was manning. As they flew over to him He got ready, and as soon as they came into view, he opened fire. They started descending. Covenant were falling. Kyle ran for the drop ship and clambered in with the help of Anders. He sat down buckled up. Kray kept firing until they were out of sight.\_

\_He closed the hatch before he sat down in front of Alice.\_

"\_List Mark as MIA on the SPARTAN-III data list." He ordered her.\_

"\_MIA?" Alice asked.\_

"\_Yes." \_

"\_Why MIA, sir?" Anders asked. \_

"\_Because, Spartans don't die." \_

#### 4. Zoomed In

Yeah, well I don't own halo, obviously. And sorry for the long wait on the new update, I hope it to be satisfactory to all my fans waiting. Now, here we go. ENJOY!

Alyssa

S-069

00:13

#### 4 Years Before

She jumped off the pelicans bay doors and onto the rocky ledge of the mountain. Kray followed behind clutching his sniper rifle close to his chest. His shotgun hung loosely on his back. Alyssa had her own sniper rifle in her hands and DMR on her back. She checked her grenades and knife to make sure they were all easily accessible. They were. She looked across the mountain face to see a long gap in between the ledge they stood on and the other. She took a few steps back then took off sprinting and then jumped when her front foot met the edge of the ledge( Ohh! A rhyme). Her left hand caught on to the side before she fell off. She slid her sniper rifle onto the rock, and climbed up. Kray was right behind her.

She helped him up, then turned her grip gloves to full power and began climbing up the mountain face. By the time she reached the top of the cliff and climbed over it, she was dripping sweat in her scout helmet. She took it off and wiped the sweat off her forehead with her gauntlet. Kray scrambled up the top moments after she replaced her helmet. He looked around and removed his sniper rifle from his back. Alyssa did the same and they moved across the mountainous region. She stumbled on a loose rock but Kray's firm hand caught her before she fell. He lifted her up and pressed on like it was nothing. She couldn't help but admire the way he handled things so smoothly. It was somewhat attractive in his own way. She didn't see his face much because he preferred to keep it on or at least near him at all times. But he had a strong jaw, perfect teeth, jet black hair that he always kept in uniform, deep blue eyes, and his tan skin. Civilians probably would call it sexy, whatever that was, but she thought he was handsome.

His Gungnir helmet had no visor like most Spartans prefer but he liked this because it helped give him a mysterious look. He always liked startling marines with it just by staring at them.

As she was lost in thought about the man in front of her, she didn't notice him stop. She walked into him, but he didn't even stumble. He was tough too. But he was not a gruesome killer like so many other of their Spartan comrades had become. He crouched down and he followed suite. He raised his sniper rifle and looked through the scope. Alyssa crept up next to him and looked through her own scope. She saw a large group of covenant surrounding what looked to be a generator.

"Think we should take them out?" Kray asked her.

"Yeah, but how. We need to do this quietly." She responded. Kray laid his sniper rifle down on the ground and drew his double edged sniper knife that he favored. He slid down the small peak they were perched at and then ran to where the covies were. He climbed up to the edge of the cliff, and scrambled up all within a matter of sixty seconds. He ducked behind a boulder and hid from an elite making its rounds. When it passed he grabbed it by the helmet, threw him down and stabbed his knife down into its face. He drew the knife from its skull and dragged it over behind the boulder he had hid behind.

He moved deeper into the squad, stealthily killing everything that crossed his path.

For about two minutes she lost sight of him but when he came back into view, he waved her over. She grabbed his rifle and did the same thing he did to get to the other side of the shallow valley. She handed him his SR and he hefted it in both hands.

"Good work, now what is this?" She nodded to the covenant device.

"Looks like a generator or something, but I don't see any shield." Alyssa frowned and did a scan on the contraption. Her frown deepened when nothing came up.

"Its an unknown device. Lets search it, then destroy it." Kray only stared at the machine in response. Then walked over to it and pressed a button. A chip was ejected and he grabbed it. Alyssa walked over to his side and inspected it in his open hand.

"We should take it back to command for further inspection." Alyssa stated. Kray nodded and put it in his hardcase that was attached to his left thigh.

"For safe keeping." He said as he then pulled a grenade from his belt. He primed it then slammed it into the covenant device. The two Spartans took off and the grenade detonated destroying the machine.

Kray

V-766

21:25

Present Day

The memory was good at this moment for him not only because he had been alone with Alyssa for the first time, but because he realized his feelings for her. No one had ever earned his love, except for her. He enjoyed the moment of remembrance as he looked around the pelican full of his comrades. Five other Spartans were with him, except for the one he really wanted with him. It was so unfair. That mission is what drove him to becoming the ruthless killer he now is. He kills without mercy or thought. It is now his instinct. It is the only thing left in his world.

Kray

V-766

02:36

4 Years Before

The explosion was not as loud as he had thought it would be, which was good. He moved around the mountain with Alyssa behind him. They were making their way to the mysterious spire that towered before them. He started down a narrow path that led to the base of the

mountain with his sniper held at the ready with his finger poised over the trigger. Once on the ground, they sprinted toward their sniper position where they would provide cover for team two. Halfway to the sniping position, they came to a covenant plasma tanker. They set some C-12 explosives on the covenant bombs and then continued. A scout group was patrolling on the side of the road. The two Spartans snuck up behind them. Kray snapped the left elites neck while Alyssa stabbed her knife into its spine.

They moved the bodies into a nearby ditch. Then climbed up the steep hill to the SP. Once there, they set up a perimeter by setting mines around it and enhanced motion sensors. They went prone and aimed their snipers towards the spire.

"Killshot, this is Headshot. We are in position, over." Kray spoke into his headset to the other headhunters team. A few moments went by before they responded.

"Copy Headshot, we approaching insertion point, ready to proceed." Came the voice of Sean.

"Hold up Killshot, we have a diversion to assist your entry. Detonating in three. Two. One." Kray squeezed the detonator trigger and the plasma tanker went off. Chaos erupted from the spire as hundreds of covenant ran towards the explosion to take on the attackers.

"Nice one Kray! We're moving into the compound." Sean's voice said through the headset. "Breaching."

A smaller explosion went off but it didn't seem like any of the covenant noticed. He saw the other two Spartans run towards the spire but were cut off by two four elites. Kray took aim and pulled the trigger. A bullet with \_GOODBYE inscribed into it whizzed towards the elites. It hit an elite in its maw. Kray pulled the trigger again and another elite fell dead. The other two were killed by Alyssa at his right. \_

"\_Thanks guys, moving up the spire." He watched as they ran into the spire and disappear. They reappeared moments later riding up a grav lift to the top. \_

"\_Killshot, do you copy, I've lost visual on you." Alyssa tried to contact the other team. No response was forthcoming. "I don't like this, they may be in trouble." \_

"\_Your right. Lets give them some time before we go charging in." Kray held the sniper rifle closer to him in nervous anticipation. He looked back at the explosion and saw a large group break off from the pack and head back towards the base. \_

"\_Ohh shit. Direct fire at oncoming hostiles. Pelican 220198, do you read, over?" Kray said as he took aim on the closest elite. \_

"\_We copy, Spartan. Are you ready for evac? Over." The pelican pilot replied.\_

"\_Negative, we require chain gun assistance on a large group of hostiles, over." \_

"\_Copy that Spartan 766. Pelican wave heading on enemy position on vector 3'10 East. Over." Three pelicans came into view and as they neared their chain guns were to life, mowing down several covenant. Halfway through their run, a flash of light filled the Spartans visors as a laser streaked through the sky and hit a pelican square in the belly. \_

"\_This is pelican 091301, we're going down. Brace for impact." The pilot's voice was shaking as he went down and crashed into the mountainside. He had managed to pull up enough to not explode, but the entire cockpit was crushed. \_

"\_We have to go check for survivors." Alyssa turned to Kray. He frowned but he knew it was the right thing. He stood up and dropped his sniper rifle. Kray drew his sniper and Alyssa pulled her DMR from her right shoulder. \_

"\_Ready?" He asked her. She nodded. They charged towards the enemy soldiers and chucked grenades into their lines to stagger them. As soon as he was within range he pulled the trigger. Two grunts went down and an elite staggered. Kray pumped the shotgun and fired again into the elites chest. It went down with blue blood pouring from the wound in its chest cavity. The Spartans made their way to the downed pelican. Alyssa typed a code into the keypad and the back hatch opened up. They walked in and Kray resealed the door. There was a dead man lying on the ground and two injured marines curled in separate corners with their sidearm's held ready. \_

"\_Are you alright?" Alyssa asked the two marines. They both nodded. "Can you walk?" \_

\_One nodded, the other said; "My left leg is broken. I cant stand without falling." Kray nodded. He walked to the injured marine and lifted him up to his shoulder.\_

"\_Hold tight." He said to the marine. The other stood up and Alyssa reopened the bay door. Light flooded the dark space and they charged out, guns blazing. Covies dropped, dead as they made their way to the spire. Almost to the front gates when the pelicans returned guns blazing. One stayed in air while the second landed and retrieved the marines. Kray set the man down in a chair and strapped him in the other walked in and turned to face the Spartans.\_

"\_Thank you for the help Spartans. We wouldn't have made it without the two of you." He saluted. \_

\_Kray nodded and returned the salute. "I know." And he turned and walked towards the spire. Alyssa followed and the pelican lifted off. As they neared the spire, Sean and his teammate Jack, ran out of the spire with six elites behind them. Kray drew his knife from its sheath on his CQC shoulder pad and threw it at the group. The blade pierced an elites left eye and the alien fell dead. They opened fire on the group. Kray charged and blasted one elites head off. To another he kicked it in the throat before coming around with his fist that bashed his skull in. \_

\_Kray grabbed the knife from the elites corpse and slid it back in his sheath. He turned back to the three other Spartans.\_

"\_Pelican 220198, do you copy? Over." Sean said over the built in COM

in his Hazop helmet.\_

"\_We copy Spartans. What do you need? Over" The pilots voice responded through all their helmets. \_

"\_We need an evac on section 3 of spire 1. Over."\_

"\_Copy that we're en route. Hold tight." The pelican landed and the four Spartans entered the pelican and strapped in. The bay door closed and they were momentarily in darkness before the lights flashed on. They rose off the ground began their ascent towards space where their ship awaited them and the other Spartan teams return.

\_

\_Kray grinned. No Spartans had died, he was starting to believe what people said about them.\_

\_Spartans don't die.\_

\_Alright! End of Chapter 3. I know, for anyone who actually enjoyed it, thank you! For everyone else, thanks for reading this far to this little message I now tell you. But keep in mind, I'm only 15. I'm not the best writer so of course I'm going to spell a few words wrong or make some grammatical errors. So don't be hating. I am trying for my fans. If there are any. So expect the next chapter to come in the next, I don't know, two weeks. At most or less, I don't know exactly. Sooo, uhh. Bye bye!\_

## 5. Hull Breach

I do not own Halo. Just to make sure people actually know that.

Samson

S-557

22:11

He looked out of the bridge viewport to see a beat- up Pelican drop ship ascend towards the \_Lone Ranger\_. He looked over to Captain Henry Franklin who nodded to Samson. Samson returned the nod, turned around, and walked to the elevator doors. He pressed the hanger level button and the elevator descended. It stopped and Samson walked out. The hanger was crowded with pilots, engineers, and marines with nothing better to do. The incoming pelican drew nearer and the engineers cleared a landing pad for it. The pelican landed hard on the pad and the engineers rushed forward to strap it down.

Six Spartans climbed out of the back. They all looked beat up and worn down. Samson wished he could have been groundside with these older Spartans. He wanted to fight the covenant. He wanted experience. But he was of the newest class of SPARTAN-III's. He was an Omega Spartan three. The six walked over to him and Sam started to get embarrassed of his new unscathed Operator armor. The one who must have been in charge had a robotic arm, dark blue ODST armor, with a gold visor. They six other Spartans made their way towards Sam. He snapped to attention and saluted. The lead Spartan returned the gesture.

"At ease, Spartan." He said. He had a deep voice. "Is the captain available?"

"Negative sir." Sam replied. "The captain has more pressing matters to deal with, I'm here show you to the Spartan's barracks."

"Alright then, lead the way." The Spartans piled into the elevator and started to descend deeper into the ship's hull. The doors slid open and Sam led the way out. They walked down the hall and Sam typed a three digit code into the keypad next to a door. The door slid open and they walked in. The six Spartans found a bunk and sat on it. Sam sat on his own bunk. Zachery, Spartan 101, took off his helmet and laid it down on the mattress. The rest of the team followed suite. Sam looked at them all, they all had multiple scars on their faces. Spartan 766 had the most including one that ran the length of his face on his cheek. Spartan 132's right eye was burned and it seemed he was blind through that eye.

Sam took his own helmet off and again was embarrassed by its lack of imperfections the rest of these older Spartans had. Lieutenant Ambrose was covered in scars that would have put shame to even Kray's face long scar. It had been less than a week since he last saw his old trainer. Sam remembered seeing the Lieutenant in his original Spartan- II armor. That was the day he realized he wanted to be like him. It was the day he wanted to be like all of these Spartans around him. It was the day he realized he wanted to be a hero.

"So you're a new Spartan?" Asked Spartan 083. Sam looked up from staring at his armored legs and nodded.

"Yes, ma'am. Omega Company, ma'am." Sam replied.

"Man, we're Spartans. We go by names. Not rank, sir, ma'am. That's reserved for officers." Kray spoke up dryly. He gestured around to the other Spartans. "This is Alice, Zachery, Anders, Kyle, Rilanna, and I'm Kray. What's your name?"

"I'm Samson, but I go by Sam."

"Well if that just isn't the most perfect name for a Spartan." Remarked Kyle with a sly grin. The other Spartans laughed. But the laughing stopped as soon as the door of their barrack slid open and the captain strode in.

"Captain on deck!" Shouted Anders. The seven Spartans snapped to attention.

"At ease, Spartans." The captain said. The Spartans sat on their bunks. "I have good news. You're going to be getting upgraded. A personnel AI will be assigned to each of you along with a new set of armor to be able to carry these AI's. The armory is open to go and browse for new armor while your AI's are being downloaded onto a chip."

He looked around once more, smile, turned and strode out the door that closed behind him. The Spartans looked around at each other.

"Well you heard him." Zach said. "Spartans to the armory!"

The Spartans walked out the door and to the armory which was on their deck. They walked in and Sam instantly walked over to the knives. He was joined by Rilanna and Kray. Sam picked up a double edged snipe knife and grinned at its lethal edges. Kray's handed was like a lightening bolt as it shot forward and plucked the knife from Sam's hand.

"Why thank you for getting my knife for me." He growled with a wolfish grin. He slid the knife into his CQC shoulder pad sheath. Rilanna picked up a katana and slid onto her back then walked away with Kray. Sam looked around and saw a knife with a blade bent at a wide V angle. It was razor sharp. Sharper than the sniper knife Kray had took which he didn't think was possible. Sam grabbed the matching sheath and but it in his thigh pouch. Sam moved over to the armor section and picked up an EVA helmet. He took his own Operator helmet off and laid it on the helmet shelf and put the EVA helmet on. He grinned at being able to see all around him rather than having his sight be constricted by other helmets visor rims.

He moved on to chest. Sam grabbed a Breacher chest plate with eight shotgun shell bands attached. He grabbed a matching Breacher wrist band for both his left and right arms. Samson moved over to the weapon station and picked up a shotgun and assault rifle. He loaded all the shell bands and grabbed five extra magazines for his AR. He was now ready. He walked out of the armory and walked back into the barrack where he found Alice and Zachery kissing on Alice's bunk.

He went to his locker and put his guns in then closed it up. There was a light on at his bunks data pad and he tapped a few buttons and a chip slid out. Sam stared at it quizzically and slid it into his helmet. His head felt like it flash froze as the AI entered his mind.

"Hello Samson." A feminine voice that seemed to come from his own mind. "My name is Kenyan."

"Hello Kenyan." Sam replied with a grin. This could be fun, he thought.

Kyle

S-419

23:23

Kyle slid his own AI chip into his new Grenadier helmet. He felt as if he just got a major case of brain freeze.

"Hello Kyle." A voice growled that seemed to emanate from his very mind. "My name is Talon."

"Talon?" Kyle asked it. "That's to cool of a name for an AI."

"I will accept that as a compliment." It growled.

"Well it was supposed to be. So way to go on that decision." Kyle's head felt lock a block of ice again and he clutched his head. "Do not agitate me Spartan 419. You need me as much as I need you. So treat me as an equal even though my intelligence far exceeds your

own.

"You have feelings and an attitude. You must be a Smart AI."

"Ohh so you do know something. This surprises me."

"Hmm, whatever man. We're a team now I guess, so lets act like one. No more brain freezes otherwise I'll crush your data chip."

"Fair enough." The AI, Talon growled. Kyle saw a red flashing light out of the corner of his eye and then the ship rumbled. Zach and Alice stopped making out and looked up at the flashing light. There was a beeping from the wall mounted data pad next to the door. Sam jogged over to it.

"Spartan, multiple covenant cruisers are engaging us, I'm calling for an abandon ship, get your Spartans to a pelican and get the hell out of here. I'll try and hold these bastards off for as long as I can."

"Yes sir!" Sam said and turned to Zach. "Tell the others to get to pelican bay four on the double."

"All Spartans report to pelican bay four on account of an abandon ship, double time. GO!" Zach said into the headset after he put his helmet on. Sam opened the door and the Spartans ran out.

"Kyle, go get some extra gear and bring it to the pelican." Zach ordered him.

"Sir," Kyle responded. "Yes sir!"

Kyle turned around and ran back to the armory He grabbed a bag and started putting rifles, pistols, shotguns, SMG's, sniper rifles, Jackhammers, and two Spartan lasers along with extra ammo for all of it. He sprinted out and the ship shook as it took another hit. Kyle fell to the ground as the ship lurched forward. He scrambled to his feet and held onto the wall. The ship rumbled and shook again and Kyle heard a loud moan from the ships hull.

The ship snapped in half without warning. Kyle looked out into space and he saw a pelican leave the hangar. \_SON OF A BITCH! He thought.

—

"\_Talon access life pod terminals, we need to get off this ship."  
Kyle said \_

"\_All functional life pods have been launched. It growled its response. \_

"\_Pelicans?" \_

"\_Gone or destroyed." \_

"\_Fuck! Is there nothing else?"\_

"\_I don't know if you've forgotten, but there are several covenant cruisers around us in perfectly good shape and you are a Spartan."\_

"\_Are you suggesting I hijack a cruiser single handedly?" Kyle asked with irritation creeping into his voice. \_

"\_I don't see why not. After all, it is a challenge." Kyle instantly perked up at the thought of a challenge. \_

"\_Well, it could be a good surprise for the rest of the team. Lets do it!" Kyle looked around for a close cruiser he could take, he saw a plasma torpedo heading right towards the half of the ship he was on. He jumped and felt as though he was being carried by the 0 gee that surrounded him. But that only slowed him down. The plasma torpedo made contact with the stern half of the ship. Kyle felt heat blister his back and his vision blurred. Then darkness.\_

\_Zachery\_

\_S-101\_

\_00:11\_

\_His heart felt heavy after leaving Kyle behind on the ship after it split. He assumed he was dead. Now he was heading towards the planet again where he lost several teammates before. Alice was holding his hand but not even that was comforting him. Zach laid his head back and grimaced. He's glad that his visor to cover his face. There were five now from his original team. He once had nearly three hundred Spartans under his command. Now they were all dead. He opened up the Spartan file on his data pad and listed Kyle as MIA. Ironically he was the only Spartan who was actually missing in action. He just hoped that the he was. \_

"\_Don't worry, Zach. He's MIA." Anders said. "We'll find him eventually. Or maybe he'll find us."\_

"\_Yeah, its like you always say." Kray added. "Spartans don't die."\_

\_Zach nodded. If only it were true. That Spartans Don't Die.\_

\_CHAPTER COMPLETEDâ€|\_

\_CURRENT SPARTAN LIST:\_

\_S-101 WIA\_

\_V-766 SIA\_

\_S-083 SIA\_

\_S-319 MIA\_

\_S-069 MIA\_

\_S-107 MIA\_

\_S-119 SIA\_

\_S-132 SIA\_

\_S-557 SIA\_

\_Thank you for reading thus far. I'm sorry if it wasn't satisfactory. I'm trying. So stay tuned for the next chapter which I hope will come out sometime within the next two weeks. \_

## 6. Turbulence

Disclaimer for rest of the story. I DON'T OWN HALO!  
Yet.

Kray

V-766

00:21

He stood outside the back hatch of the pelican clutching it with both hands. Around him were several covenant banshees and his intentions were simple. Hijack one. One of the small single- person crafts got closer and Kray leapt towards it. He grabbed its right wing, drew his knife, and plunged it into the cockpit. He opened it up and grabbed the elite by the ankle and hurled it out then got rested in it himself. A small smile toughed his lips as he grasped the controls and looked around at all the available targets.

Kray switched to the fuel rod cannon and fired at the closest banshee which burst into bluish- purple flames on impact. He switched back to the plasma turret and fired at another banshee. Same effect occurred and it spiraled out of action. The Fuel Rod cannon recharged and a third banshee went out of play. The final two banshees caught on and flipped around to get behind the Spartan. But Kray's training exceeds any covenant and he spun to face the two banshees. He fired the fully charged FRC and instantly took one down. He quickly switched to his plasma turret and fired at the second flyer. Its sleek body started to melt and flames erupted from where the plasma bolts struck.

"Your all clear, Zack." Kray spoke through the built in headset in his helmet. ":Mind coming back for me. Although, I wouldn't want to impose on your busy schedule."

"Quit nagging, smartass. We're on our way back." Kray heard his old friend, Zack, voice through the ear piece and watched as the pelican turned around for him. He got out of the banshee that he hadn't realized took hits and crumbled beneath his feet. The pelican slowed and Kray jumped back aboard and sealed the hatch behind him. He sat beside the newest edition of their team- Samson, Spartan 557- who wore full EVA armor. Loser.

"Twenty minutes to ground." The pilots voice sounded through the speakers in the drop ship and the Spartans helmets.

"Weapon check, sound off." Zach barked into the mouth piece.

"I have two magnums with eight extra mag's of armor piercing rounds." Samson called.

"I have a Saw with one extra mag." Rilanna shouted.

"One sniper with five extra mag's of armor piercing rounds and a magnum with two mag's." Anders yelled.

"One Jackhammer with two extra rockets." Alice called out.

"And I have one shotgun with thirty extra shells." Kray finished.

"Hmm, I was hoping for better." Zach frowned. "Kyle had all the weapons."

"Yeah, and he's gone along with the rest of the team." Rilanna grumbled.

"Nice enthusiasm." Kray sneered. Him and Rilanna never got along due to there equally competitive personalities.

"Shove it, asshole." Rilanna retorted.

"Why? Sad Mark's not gonna do it for you?" Rilanna burst into tears at the mention of her deceased boyfriend. And it was this among so few rare moments, Kray felt guilt. Mark had been his friend too. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry doesn't cut it, dick! You don't know what it feels like to lose the one you loved." She cried at him. Then a more frequent moment now occurs when Kray gets furious.

"Is that what you think Sweet Cheeks? And who do you think you replaced on our fire team?" Kray roared. Tears of anger and sadness welled up in Kray's eyes, and the simple act of possibly crying made him angrier.

"Alyssa?" Anders asked in shock. All the Spartans looked at him. Kray said nothing. Just nodded and looked down into his lap.

"I'm sorry. Rilanna began. "I had no idea thaaaaa-"

The pelican lurched forward. Shots hammered the drop ship until it began to freefall in the atmosphere of the planet. Kray flew back into the hatch and his hand accidentally hit the OPEN button. The hatch lowered. Kray grabbed for any handhold he could but there weren't any. His hands kept slipping.

"Kray, hold on." Zack yelled.

"As if I intended to let go?" Kray remarked. That was the moment the door was hit by a plasma bolt and went flying to the ground below taking Kray with it.

\_\_\*\*So much for two weeks, huh? HAHAAAAHA! Ohh. Just me? Yeah. I guess its not really that funny.\*\*\_\_\*\*Sorry it took so long. And sorry that it's a short chapter. I hope to write a bigger one within the month. And as always please review or PM me. I love you fans. You are what keeps me writing. And I have decided that at 1,000 views, I will write the epic ending! Of Act One. Ohh yes. The story will live on after. But goodbye for now. I've already said to much. Love ya guys. REVIEW.\*\*\_\_

## 7. Busted Ram

Damn it all. I am super sorry for the long wait. I've just been super busy. I know I set a deadline and obviously failed so I'm just gonna stop setting 'em. I hope this is satisfactory.

Kyle

S-419

01:31

Scorched. Burned. Agonizing pain. Headache. Brain freeze. Brain freeze?

"AHHHH!" Kyle's eyes shot open and he grabbed his head. "What the hell, Talon?"

"Apologies, sir." Talon responded with his abnormal growl. "You only have thirty- two minutes of air left before you suffocate, and all covenant cruiser patterns show they are moving out of the system."

"Ohh. Well when you put it like that." Kyle looked around and the simple movement sent him spinning. The destroyed stern of The Lone Ranger came into view. It wasn't to far. Kyle swung a fist that sent him flying towards the shattered ship.

"Sir, what is the plan?" Talon growled curiously.

"I'm going to attempt to repair the ships control console and ram a covenant cruiser, then board it once its shields collapse."

"A near brilliant plan, Spartan 419."

"You know what." Kyle said thoughtfully. "Call me Kyle."

"Kyle."

"Well not right now. Just whenever you need to talk to me. Sir and Spartan 419 get annoying after a while."

"Apologies, si- Kyle."

Kyle smirked. "Thank you."

Kyle caught onto a door and forced it open. Gravity was instantly sucked out and he almost blew away. Kyle held onto the door frame with a white knuckle grip until it finished, then climbed in. He crawled through the air to the nearest elevator shaft. The Spartan yanked the doors apart and was greeted by blast doors.

"Fuck! Really?" Kyle yelled at nothing in particular.

"Kyle, you have a C-12 charge in the bag. A few a those on the sides of the door will tear them clean off." Talon growled his idea.

"You sure?"

"Positive."

"Well, okay then." Kyle dug into his bag and brought out four blocks of C-12 charges and planted them on the sides. He dragged himself around a corner, and detonated the explosives. He climbed back to it and smiled widely at the gaping hole in the elevator, then crawled into it. He climbed up the shaft to the bridge, then yanked the doors open. No blast doors. Two crew members were floating in the air. Dead. Kyle ignored them and made his way to the Nav console. He pressed the power on button and the bridge lights blinked on.

"It still works!" Kyle whooped.

"Put me into the pedestal and I will assist in controlling the ship." Talon ordered. Kyle obliged. He took the chip out of his helmet and inserted it into the slot of the pedestal. A Velociraptor, popped up.

"What the fuck?" Kyle explained.

"Are you referring to my form?" Talon asked. Kyle just nodded. "I am a unique AI. My form differs from all others."

"I figured that." Kyle mumbled. He tapped on the keyboard for the Nav system and set a collision course for the nearest cruiser. "Talon, I need you to calculate the speed and when I need to engage thrusters in order to successfully nail that bastard."

"Done. Setting mission timer on your HUD." A thirty second countdown appeared in the left hand corner of Kyle's HUD. His gauntleted hand hovered an inch above the Thruster Engage button. Ten. Nine. Eight. Seven. Six. Five. Four. Three. Two. One. Kyle slammed his hand down on the button as soon as he saw the one. The ship's thrusters instantly flared to life and flew forward. Kyle flew back into the wall from the momentum of the forward thrust.

A few moments passed then the stern of The Lone Ranger smashed into the Pride of Redemption. Kyle flew through the front view screen and hit the slick, purple-blue body of the covenant ship. He crawled along the hull until he reached the hanger and climbed in. Several grunts and engineers were in there along with an elite.

"Hello boys." Kyle said sarcastically through his armor's external speakers as he drew two magnums from his thighs. "I'm here to crash the party."

The elite roared and the grunts scurried away while the engineers floated towards the ceiling. Kyle pulled the triggers. Two grunts went down from bullets going through their skulls. The elite took out his plasma repeater and opened fire. Kyle emptied both pistols on the elite that went down after the third to last shot. He reloaded and unleashed hell on the rest of the grunts.

Kyle reloaded again as he stepped over their corpses.

"Well that wasn't much of a challenge, but there's still a whole ship full of target practice just waiting for me." Kyle picked up the elite's plasma repeater.

"You made short work of them, Kyle. Good job." Talon complimented.

"Thanks. Now lets get to work for real." Kyle grinned as he opened the door out of the hanger.

\*\*Okay! That's an ending, huh. I'm probably just gonna end the story here, so you guys figure out your own ending. Sorry. JUST KIDING! HAHAAHAHAHA! I so got you guys. I think. I really wouldn't know. But let me know if I did. Yeah. This is just a fill in. And I've decided. When I reach maybe, 1000 views. I will conclude part one of Spartans Don't Die. I'm on 770. So spread the word of this story because if you guys like this stuff, this is just the prologue to an otherwise HUGE series happening on (Drum roll please)â€| HALO! Ahh no way! Yes way. Its happening. But I've said to much already. Just read and review and Face book (tweet, myspace, text, etc.) this story! Love you guys.\*\*

End  
file.